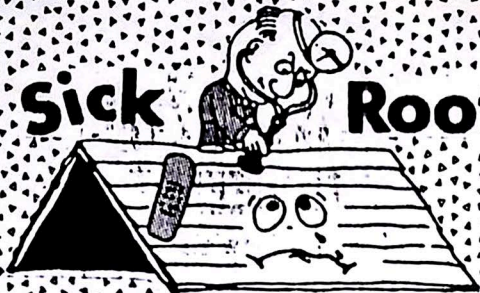


# Sick Roof



Norma Lee Edwards  
Pretzel City,  
USA

sexist?

RE: Modern definition of the word, PO'ETESS, antiquated, sexism, in ill repute.

Dear Modern Man:

Today, I would like to discuss the stigma, attached to being a po'etess, but:

## SUFFICE IT TO SAY -

Suffice it to say - I'm a po'etess, not a poet,  
I'm a slow walking, soft spoken, easy living lady,  
With hair of sunlit gold, and eyes of emerald seagreen,  
I'm sensuously round, not nearly musclebound.  
My classy chassis may have slipped a bit, still my kind -  
Becomes better with time, I can tease you, please you,  
Even appease you, and never, never, never,  
My darling, ever let you forget, you're a man!

Of course, I do not speak for the majority, only the minority, and my emerald seagreen eyes, are not going to turn cornflower blue with dew, over your definition. If I represent sexism, please label me, "bawdy mauve," because, I'm the purple heat on a sunset, the lilac scent of perfume on a hot hazy day, the violet hue bouncing off a dragonfly's wings dancing under the moon, and I'm the hypnotic blue-purple light, illuminating from the Aurora Borealis, and I'm sure, you get the hint, so enuff, with the color, purple.

Personally, being called an antiquity, is a compliment, I mean I've always had this mawkish fascination, for mausoleums, crypts, tombs, and all, you know the places that kind of turn your mind into a trepidation of time and desire. Then, of course, there's the sight of lightning, the roar of thunder, and the feel of the North Wind, Boreas, sort of touching my neck, at it's nape, in a cemetery at twilight, that's very exciting in a macabre way, to a woman like me.

As to, ill repute, my main man Will's been dead, 393 years, even Root-Leg Benny's been dead, since 1920, so, if I'm guilty of the seduction of a fine man's long-lean mind, with my well-rounded rhyme, remember, it was by his choice, and I would like it noted, My décolleté was covered in antique lace to my chin, fastened with an antique cameo, and also my poetic toes, were covered in lace trimmed anklets, with pink and white sneakers."

Well, dear, that about covers it, but, I must say, "If you ever meet a po'etess, and she takes you to a place you've never been, and you feel her allure, your definition, may be subject to change."

Au revoir,  
Norma Lee Edwards

P.S. You may even shed your skin for a million years.

Street Meat/Head Cheese  
A Dog Mouth Prayer

Street meat  
Head cheese  
Street meat  
Head cheese  
Dead mouse on Oak Street  
Right off Steiner  
Communist megaphone  
Crazy needs a hairbrush  
Dog mouth singin  
Teeth like barbwire  
Song like barbwire  
Preacher man gone--  
Empty cheap suit  
Cast off left shoe  
Rubber sole holy hole  
Preacher man gone.  
There's Mr. Microphone  
Spiderwebs tie down  
Deader than a dildo  
Preacher man gone  
Raptured last week  
Aincha glad 'twasn't you?  
Dead mouse on Oak Street  
Yell about Jesus  
Hate sin soul win  
Preacher man gone.  
Street meat  
Head cheese  
Street meat  
Head cheese  
Stretch limo Haight Street  
Gave me a hatestroke  
At the bus stop  
Throb me piss off  
One eyed wino girl  
Sadden my heartbeat  
Bus stop limosine  
Raise my blood heat  
Scream at the riders  
Grab my pants crotch  
Spit a big honker  
On the right side window  
I can act crazy--  
Hey I'm just street meat  
Dog mouth singin  
Eyeteeth barbwire  
Praysong barbwire  
Head cheese  
Street meat  
Head cheese  
Street meat  
Head cheese  
Street meat  
Head cheese  
Street meat.



VELCROW 13

1/16/92  
San Fran/Park



## QUESTIONS

1.  
Are you sleepy ?  
Sleepy some...  
In both eyes?  
No, just one...

2.  
Are you cold about to freeze?  
Do you want my coat?  
No, just the sleeves.

K. Haug &  
John E  
(circa 1969)

LOOKING FOR IT  
TO BE EASY

Yes I was looking  
for it to be easy  
like a little mirror,  
fish on back, or  
another with a  
Buddha.

This is cheap  
at the store  
but poor to  
shave, like a  
budget sonnet or  
a billboard haiku.

Let us be  
remembered instead  
as a great deep  
clear pool  
reflective of  
all our beings.

-David Nazario

## THE GOLDEN RULE

Shouting in a tube and shouting I  
jitter at the window wonder if the  
dirt can hear and what's that  
racket in my voice my ear? What'd I  
say is it me? Maybe my words are  
backwards heard if I speak out my  
ass will I understand? Whatever I say your  
eyes go crossed. Tomorrow I'll  
yak underground so wet your feet will sink.  
And you'll suck up my words like a tree or a stink

© John M. Bennett

Man, I Warned You  
About Her

ERIC WEIRDS ME OUT

LIKE A U-BOAT COMMANDER  
GLIMPING GORY DESTRUCTION  
THROUGH A PERISCOPE  
POOR LITTLE ERIC  
BEHAVES LIKE A FREAK  
WIELDING A CROWBAR  
& DOES NOT SPEAK

I saw her slip  
between your lips  
and cut  
your tongue out  
before you realized  
your fly  
was open more  
than your brain.

She cranked  
into your face  
took  
what she needed  
before you even knew  
what you'd lost  
and left you  
bleeding on your knees  
while your brain  
was still in the clouds.

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Whittier, CA 90601  
(818) 333-0512

**Bob Z.**

how the hell can

I make the pain leap out of this chair  
& sit next to you in your livingroom?

I can describe Agent Orange in shades  
of vivid cancers & sad birth defects

but these words will never lay in a hospital bed

I would really like you to experience  
dying twice in one lifetime

then visit the grave  
of my six year old daughter

-Bill Shields

SICK ROOF #2. A Journal of Humorous, Pathetic,  
and Serious Poetry. Contact: MUMBLES, POBox  
8312, Wichita, Kansas 67208 USA. Price: 1 SASE.